

felt delight what is beautiful, there will soon be national artists and a national art. The Marquis of Lorne signalized the earlier part of his rule by establishing a Canadian Academy of Art. An Ontario paper remarks: "It remains to be seen whether the Academy of Arts will take root on Canadian soil. Such an organization cannot be called successfully into being by the *fiat* of anyone. There must be a field and a felt want for them or they will die of inanition." This is true. But the hope of a change lies in the young, and they must be prepared for it by the training of the hand and the eye.

And when the study of nature and of works of art shall have produced familiarity with beautiful objects and with every expression of passion, then we will be able to speak the thoughts that are within us and a national literature will arise. We have seen schools of painting, poetry, and criticism spring up together in other countries; but how can we expect poetry where there is no true study of nature, or criticism where there is nothing to criticize? But the study of art by well educated men must lead to the production of that higher literature which is the best index to a people's intellectual condition.

And not only has art an influence on the industries and literature of a country, but it also improves the morals. Art will gladden and purify homes that literature can never reach and where religion hardly finds an entrance. How much more, then, will it raise the cultivated. If young men's minds are filled with beautiful thoughts, their lives will be beautiful. Ruskin speaking of the relation of art to morality quotes from Plato: "Must it be then only with our poets that we insist they shall either create for us the image of a noble morality, or among us create none? or shall we not also keep guard over all other workers for the people, and forbid them to make what is ill-customed, and unrestrained, and ungentle, and without order or shape, either in likenesses of living things, or in buildings, or in any other thing whatsoever that is made for the people? and shall we not rather seek for workers who can track the inner nature of all that may be sweetly schemed: so that the young men, as living in a wholesome place, may be profited by everything that, in work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight—as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life?"

N.Y.M.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Died, March 24th, 1882.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

The windy March with trumpet shrill
Pipes his rude plaint through leafless tree
O'er marbled Auburn's burial hill
With sharpness from the sorrowing sea;
Than organ blast a wilder strain—
Meet music for the poet's burial train.

Swift harper of a stormy choir,
They sweep with many an angry wail,
And fitfully, their viewless lyre;
Their numbers rise and faint and fail;
Perchance their airy dirges rise
O'er him whose well-tuned lute all silent lies.

Poorer for dearth of love and song
Shall spring unbind her tresses free;
And circling Charles shall glide along
In pensive silence to the sea.
The elms with leaves shall shade his door
In vain—the gentle poet comes no more.

And can the minstrel's music die
Or parting fall from notes so clear
To silence, as the cuckoo's cry
Mid songs, tides of the using year?
No! could the mind forget, we own
From the touched heart, each dear familiar tone.

And can my heart unmindful be
Of him who linked my land with fame;
Who wreathed with deathless poesy
Acadia's sweet unstoried name;
Whose liquid numbers did entrance
My youth-time with the splendours of romance?

Shall tears confess the moving spell
While life in numbers, pure and fine,
The mournful love of Gabriel
The sorrow of Evangeline—
That wandering sad unmated eve
Truest of faithful hearts that e'er had cause to grieve.

What though we shall behold no more
The reverend head that all men knew;
That wild March winds sing dirges o'er
The sod that hides him from our view!
Each memory with his song is ripe:
Ours is the treasure of his deathless life.

A life complete in breath and length
To each divinest instinct true;
When on the rock of manly strength
Each flower of grace and beauty grew;
A life serenely fortunate
By sorrow ushered into its supreme estate.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hand; in unskilful, the most mischievous.—*Pope.*